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the creation of a new personality, and it becomes the duty of the teacher to see that he furnish only such stimulus as is best calculated to develop *individuality* instead of *conventionality*.

If all schools were to be suddenly wiped out of existence, natures of like tastes and aims would soon drift together, would acknowledge a leader, and thus form a school so that the academy must inevitably result. Strong personalities, having gained all that the school could furnish, would then reach out in the desire for original expression, while those who had no new thing to impart would at least become cultivated members of the community and help in that general appreciation without which art languishes.

May we not, therefore, conclude that an academic training can only over-influence such weak personalities as would in any field of expression become echoes,—lacking the virility and conviction which make the innovator. Strong natures must rise superior to all conditions, only accepting that which can aid to express themselves, and to such the academy offers a well arranged course of education in that language which art has found best fitted to its purposes from the beginning until now.

A. H. MUNSELL.

THE DESPOTISM OF BOREDOM.

Life sometimes seems to me like an American Sunday, when a tepid, drizzling rain falls from morning till night, a "milieu" which puts one in the right humor to write a philosophy of disenchantment or an anatomy of negation.

In such enviable moments I feel like doing many things and yet common sense tells me that I am better off without.

You know one cannot read and write all day, and even studying the history of human souls is sometimes *ennuyant*. Let us go out and witness a theatrical performance:—Oh, those long waits and the bad music between the acts and the awkward movements of some players, the mean admiration of the perspiring audience, in their narrow seats and the conventional trotting along of the plot of some much praised drama—how it irritates my nerves!

I yawn!

Let us dress for a ball—what, stand that ungraceful jumping and rushing about of new fashionable dances, the bad taste in color displayed by disproportionate females, and the silly erotic flirtation of men of darwinian origin!

I yawn!

Let us look devout and chaste and visit a church—the Bible may be a very good book, but to listen to the monotonous eloquence of a pseudo-saint, the organ grinding, and the religious lullabying of the choir is also too much for my nerves.

I yawn!

Let us take a stroll through the picture gallery. Worse than ever! To look at a number of pictures, representing things that do not interest me even when seen in real life, until my eyes ache and my legs feel as if growing shorter every moment!

Once more the muscles of my mouth contract and I dream of my future life.

I have lately married! What shall I do? Lead a society life with all its petty tactics of a social campaign and its wasted energy upon dress, gossip, artifice and superficiality—or lead a family life, keeping young twins quiet by putting forefinger and thumb in their mouths, assist at marketing and house cleaning and forget what a latchkey is?

Or lead a Bohemian life with much ability and no baggage, living at times like a prince, at others like a pauper, to have no home, no friends, no God, no principles.

I want none of you, I murmur in despair, and again the muscles of my mouth contract.

"But the pleasures of the soul," whispered my wife.

"Bosh," I replied, "you mean love!" Do not always the same sentimental tenderness, vegetative indifference, spasmodic passion and melancholy regret follow each other?

Then travel!

How delightful it is—in imagination—but how quickly you would change your mind when you feel seasick or inhale the smoke of the engine, spend sleepless nights on suspicious beds, and think it your duty to hunt restlessly for new amusements.

You see I am an incorrigible misanthrope, to-day at least. Perhaps some out-door sport would be beneficial and make me more lenient in my views?

But is it not rather sad that my last resource from eternal damnation to boredom would be the adoption of foot or base-ball playing as a profession.

"Let us become voluntary hospital nurses," I said to my wife, "or lead an unconventional life in the West." She was curling her hair and powdering her nose throwing a coquettish glance at me now and then.

Thinking became unbearable to me. I am such a delicate, sensitive, morbid creature, don't you know? I thought of pleasure, but to return home

tired and worn out, without cash but with black rings around the eyes, no — so I yawned and yawned until I fell asleep.

This is one of the beautiful traits of "Fin de Siècle." To tear down all that *is* and to rebuild nothing worth mentioning. To develop great powers of criticism and to live in perfect impotence of improvement.

Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan and family, do away with the despotism of boredom! How? you ask yawningly, in your turn bored by my epistle.

Pardon, I am already asleep!

CRITIC FIN DE SIECLE.

KEEP UP APPEARANCES.

By P.

"At the present day people still like to be thought aristocratic, but they much prefer being considered rich. The love of money has destroyed in us all noble ambition, there are only a few madmen who now care to earn a reputation for the love of glory, and they are the mark for the ridicule of all their contemporaries. It is considered foolish to do anything for the sake of honor; honor neither gives, us good dinners, good clothes, nor cheap pleasures nor does it help to keep up appearances. To keep up appearances is the idea of the epoch. You may be a fool, a scoundrel, a wretch without house or home, you may do what you like, steal, murder, what matter? You will still be clever, rich, honest, magnanimous, if you know how to keep up appearances. In America the greatest evil that can befall a man is to be original. Originality almost amounts to insult. The original man has no chance. Endeavor to get a place for him, and the person to whom you apply will answer, 'I should be delighted to do any service for you within my power. Command me in all things but don't ask me to help this friend of yours. Why he is an original.'"

Young man, who aspire to the honor of sitting eight hours a day at an office desk copying letters, and making reports under the eye of an insolent head clerk, if you wish to attain the object of your ambition, station yourself every day at the window, watch every one who passes, notice their dress, their gesture, study people's way of speaking, borrow their favorite expressions, disguise your own tastes, check your imagination, become a mediocrity and you will at once assure your future position: *You will have preserved appearances.*

Look around; is it possible to meet with originality? Every one has the same walk, the same clothes, the same style — the tailor makes every man alike: why should you be different from your neighbor?

It is therefore understood that if you wish to be neither a fool nor a sage, nor a reformer, nor an original — any of these titles shutting the door in the face of all careers; if you would neither think, nor judge, nor reason, nor invent, nor live for yourself; do as the world does; accept the slavery, bow your head to the tyranny and all will be at once open to you — you will have kept up appearances.

WALKING IN THE STREETS.

By P.

Walking in the streets you elbow thousands of passers-by to whom you do not pay the least attention. They are probably not worth attention. But besides these, pass and repass — sad sometimes, dreamers often, poor always — fierce and striking figures that have a physiognomy, a color, a relief, an originality, a date, a signification: they are artists, poets, thinkers, searchers, restless vagabonds — enamored of glory, infatuated with idle fancies, indulgers in dreams. They are the true members of the Burschenschaft — they are men! They are also three-fourths of their time poor and suffering, badly clothed, and with hardly a shoe to their feet, because with them, unlike other people, it is beauty that leads the beast, and not the beast that leads beauty. They may have genius, they certainly have talent and wit. They are the chosen of Nature, full of intelligence and of heart. They know how to love, they feel enthusiasm, they have the sense of life; they have a knowledge of good and evil, of the sublime and beautiful!

And the crowd — the ignorant, the half witted, the Philistines — the crowd covers them with disdain, with injuries, with mud, instead of showering them with flowers, caresses and bank notes. The crowd sees only the worn coat seams! But I know the crowd, and it is a bad knowledge. I know them. Here are 1800 years that they prefer Barabbas, the rogue, to the apostle, etc.

The ant ignores that each creature has its work to do here below; and that those who are proud of being attached to the state equipage of Mammon, the nineteenth century king and god, will never, never, be attached to the sublime chariot of the